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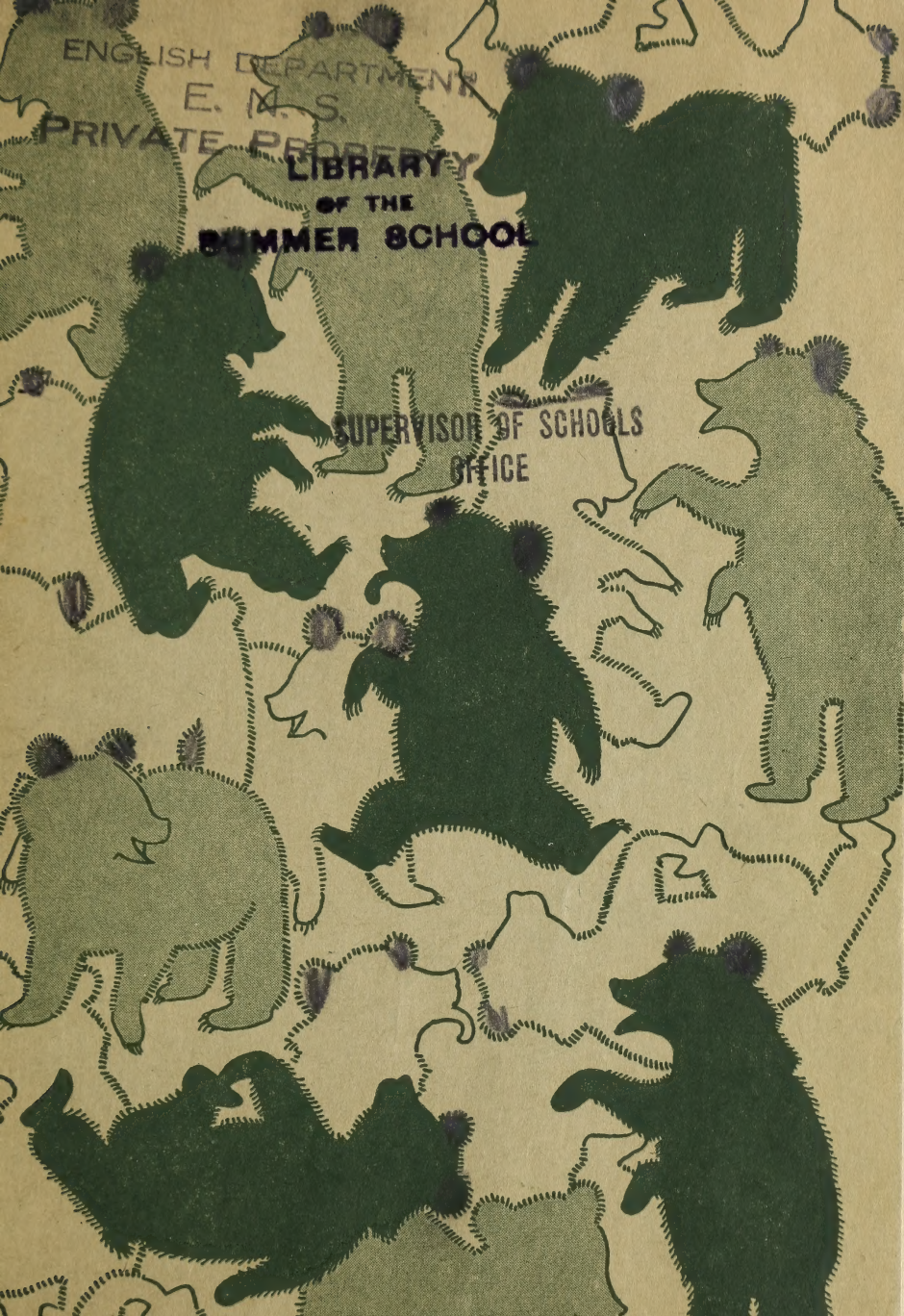
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Mother Nature Series

BABY ANIMALS

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PREFACE

There is a generally recognized need for more genuinely worth-while reading material simple enough for children who are about to finish their first year in school, or have otherwise acquired some confidence in their ability to read independently.

When children begin to read for themselves, it is tremendously important that they be given bread and not stones or chaff. The prime consideration in the preparation of this material has been the normal interests of the children. The authors had in mind such questions as: Will the titles of the stories and the pictures lure children generally to want to read the book? Will those who begin to read a story wish to go on and on to the end? Will each story probably increase the desire to read the next? Will many children be likely to read the stories more than once?

No other comprehensive group of things makes a more nearly universal appeal to the interests of young children than animals, especially baby animals. Puppies, kittens, chicks, little pigs, or young colts are more interesting to adults than the parent animals, but young children especially seem to feel some subtle bond of kinship with the young of animal life generally.

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In addition to their literary quality, their pleasure-giving characteristics, these stories have another important element of interest. They all convey some information of abiding value regarding the character, the manner of life, and the habits of the various animals.

In writing the stories, and especially in the final revision, care was taken to make the vocabulary conform as nearly as possible with the Thorndike and other word lists, but it is very important to remember that no one who wants to read is stopped, or much retarded, by an occasional unfamiliar word.

The book will probably best serve its purpose if the children are allowed to use it with a great deal of freedom; to have ample opportunity to browse around in it as an older person would if he were given a book similar in character. It is primarily designed to give children a chance to develop reading ability in a natural way and with pleasure.

—THE AUTHORS.

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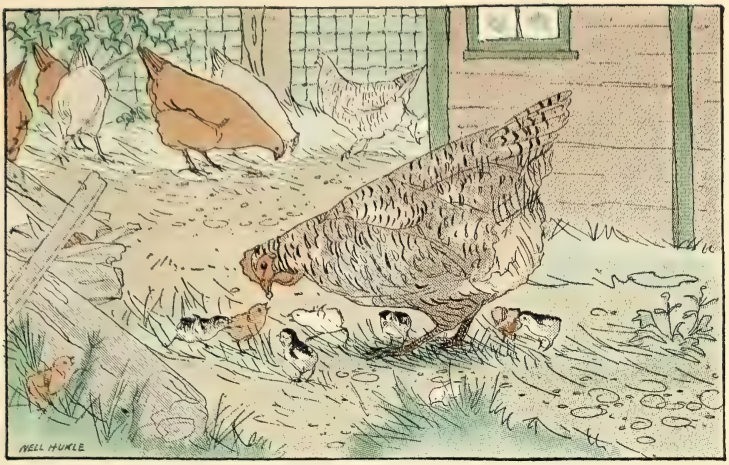


Baby Chicks

One day Edna went to the barnyard
to see her pet hen.
The hen's name was Betty.
Edna's father had given Betty
to her on his birthday.

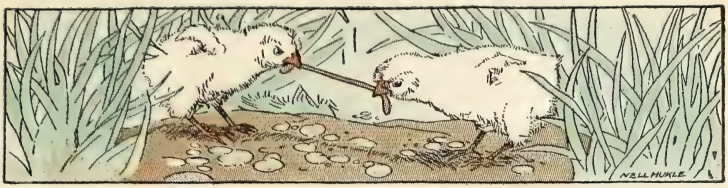
For three weeks Betty had been sitting
on five white and five yellow eggs.
"I hope the chicks are out," said Edna.

Edna found the hen off the nest
with nine baby chicks.
Four of them were black and white.
Three of them were yellow,
and two were white all over.
Edna got some warm wet bread
and fed Betty and the chicks.

Soon Betty was out in the barnyard,
hunting food for her babies.
When she found a seed, a bug, or a worm,
she called, "Cluck! Cluck! Cluck!"

All the little chickens ran to her
as fast as they could.
The first one there got the bug,
the seed, or the worm.

One day Edna saw the two white chicks
pick up the same worm.
Each had hold of an end of the worm.



They pulled and tugged,
and pulled and tugged,
like boys in a tug of war.

Just then Betty called, "Cluck! Cluck!
Cluck! Cluck! Cluck!"
Seven little chicks ran and hid
under her wings.
The other two kept tugging at the worm.

Betty called again, "Cluck! Cluck!
Cluck! Cluck! Cluck!"
and looked up with one eye.

Edna looked up and saw a big hawk.
It was flying round and round.
It was coming nearer and nearer.
Edna knew the hawk wanted a chick.

Just as the hawk darted down,
Edna ran, fell upon her knees,
and put her hat over the chicks.
The hawk came so close
its wings fanned Edna's hair.

A Little Riddle

Four little chicks
Sat upon a stone.
_____ ran away
And then there was _____.

Baby Opossums

This is a picture of a mother opossum.
She has five babies.
Can you find them?
They are in a pocket,
on the under side of her body.
A baby opossum is only as big
as a small mouse.
The pocket can hold them all.

The babies stay in the pocket,
and drink their mother's milk,
for about ten weeks.
Sometimes they put their tiny heads out,
and look around.

When the babies begin to run about
on the ground, they stay close
to their mother.
If anything frightens them,
they run back to her pocket.
In time, the babies grow too big
for the mother's pocket.
Then they run along with her.

Sometimes the mother opossum
gives her babies a ride on her back.
She puts her tail over her back,
and the babies curl the tips
of their tails around hers.

When the baby opossums are bigger,
they can hang by their tails
from the limb of a tree.
They do this to pick fruit
that they cannot get
in any other way.

The babies learn many things
from their mother.

They learn to find their own food.
They eat mice, eggs, fruit,
carrots, and corn.
They learn to climb trees
to get away from danger.

All opossums have a queer trick.
When in danger of being caught,
they curl up and seem dead.
If rolled over and over,
they still play dead.
They are often saved from harm
by playing that trick.

The mother opossum has a good home
in a hole under the roots of a tree,
or in a hollow tree.
The babies live there with her
until they are big enough
to have homes of their own.

Baby Rabbits

1. At Home

Down on the ground,
in some thick bushes,
there was a queer little nest.
A mother rabbit had made it
for her baby bunnies.
She had made it of bits of grass,
and lined it with soft fur
from her own body.

The nest had a cover of grass.
That was the queer thing about it.
No one could see the bunnies
when the cover was down.

There were seven baby bunnies,
all warm and safe in the nest.

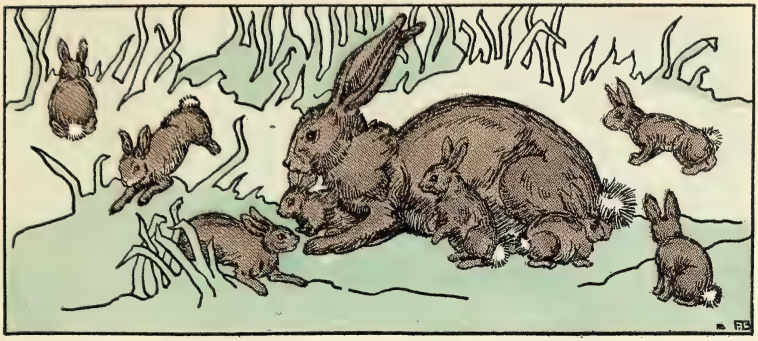
They were about as big as fat mice.
They had no fur,
and their eyes were not open.

The mother rabbit came to her babies
only at night.
But she was never very far away.
There were too many animals
that liked to eat baby rabbits.
The weasel liked them best of all.
The fox, the bear, and the owl
liked them, too.

In about ten days the bunnies
opened their eyes.
And in another week
they began to play,
like little kittens.

When the mother rabbit was at home,
the babies sometimes left the nest
for a little play.

But she taught them to keep very still
in the nest when she was away.



Baby Rabbits

2. The Biggest Bunny

Once the mother rabbit was gone
a long, long time.
There was one baby that was bigger
than the others.
He did not like to lie still very long.
He thought he was too hungry
to wait for his mother's warm milk.
He crept out of the nest,
and looked about.

Everything was very still.

The bunny began to nibble
some tender new grass.
It tasted good to him.
He found a little tree,
and stood on his hind legs
to nibble its tender bark.

His little ears moved back and forth
as he was eating.
He was listening for danger
on all sides.

But once the bunny forgot to listen
for danger.

Then he heard a little noise.
He did not move.
He heard the noise again.
Still he did not move,
but he looked in front of him.
There was a weasel creeping toward him.

The weasel looked at the bunny.
The bunny was too frightened to move.
But he gave a little cry,
as he saw the weasel coming closer
and closer to him.

The mother rabbit was not far away.
She heard her baby's cry,
and came running to him.

She saw the weasel
Just as he was about to spring
upon her baby.
She jumped for the weasel.

When she was right over him,
she kicked out at him
with her strong hind feet.
They tore the skin on the weasel's back.

The weasel forgot the baby,
and sprang after the mother.
But she was too quick for him.
Back she jumped, over the weasel.
Her strong hind feet struck him again.

Again and again the weasel sprang
at the mother rabbit.
But each time she was quicker than he,
and scratched him and tore his skin.
At last he turned and ran away.

The mother looked about for her baby.
He was gone.
Then she ran back to the nest.
She found the frightened little one
safe with the other babies.
He had had enough of weasels.
He did not go out by himself again
until he was much bigger.

The Rabbit

A rabbit works his ears and tries
To watch you with his rabbit eyes;
His saucy little tail he flounces,
And when it hits the ground he bounces!

—Mary Carolyn Davies

Whose Home?

If you look in the picture,
you will see an old birch tree,
that has a tiny hole in its side.
Down at the bottom of the hole
are many tiny chips of wood
from the tree.
On top of these chips are soft hair
and down.

A mother and father made this warm nest.
And now there are six tiny babies in it.
They are no bigger than thimbles.

The father and mother fly in
and out of the hole all day long,
feeding the little ones.
They will not come to the nest
or go from the nest
if they hear a strange noise.

They are afraid that a dog
or a cat may be near.
A cat might put her paw
into the hole and get their babies
But when no danger is near,
into the hole and out again
fly the busy father and mother.

In about two weeks the babies
look very pretty.
A little black cap
is on each head.
Under each chin is a tiny black bib.

Their fat little cheeks are white,
and their backs are gray.

And now the nest is too small
for the babies.
They stand on top of one another.
One head is always popping
out of the hole to look about.
The father and mother
try to coax the babies
to fly out of the nest.

The nest is very near the ground.
Soon two babies do fly out,
and down to the ground.
The father and mother
fly into the bushes,
and call to the babies.
They do not want them to stay
on the ground.
A cat might get them.

The two babies try
to fly into the bushes
to their father and mother.
And soon they are right beside them.

The baby birds rest a little while,
then fly to another twig,
which is very near.
In a few days, they are strong enough
to fly wherever they want to go.
It is not long before all the babies
can fly as well
as their father and mother.

Then the little birds begin to find
their own food.
They flit here and there,
hunting for grubs.
They hunt on plants and trees
for the wee eggs of insects.

The spry little birds look
as though they are playing circus.
They swing, upside down,
from a slender stem.
They perch on tall plants,
and the wind swings them
back and forth.
"Chick-a-dee-dee! Chick-a-dee-dee!"
they call to one another.

Singing

Little birds sing with their beaks
In the apple trees;
But little crickets in the grass
Are singing with their knees.

—Dorothy Aldis

Pep

Susan had a little collie puppy.
Her father gave it to her
on her birthday.
He wanted to play all day long,
so Susan called him Pep.
Tom, the big black cat, liked to play
with Pep.

In fun, they bit each other's paws,
and rolled over on the grass.
They chased each other about the yard
and around the house.

When Tom was tired, he ran up a tree,
and looked down at Pep.
Pep wagged his tail and barked
and barked at Tom.
Soon he lay down and waited
until Tom came down.
Then he licked Tom to show
how glad he was
that Tom had come down
to play with him again.

Sometimes Tom ran into a hole
in the shed.
Pep tried to run in too,
but he was too big.
He could just get his head inside.

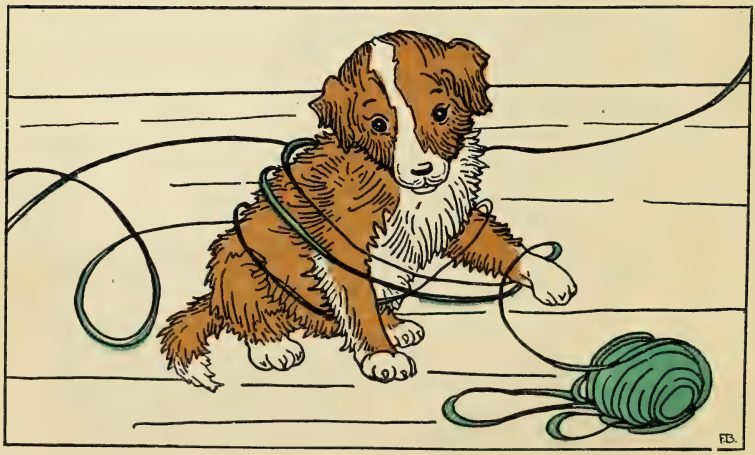
Tom stood near him
and slapped his ears in play.
Tom's claws were sharp,
so Pep did not like that.
He ran away from Tom.
Then Tom came out of the hole
and ran after Pep.
And Pep chased Tom back
to the hole again.

Pep liked to play with Tom.
If he could not find Tom,
he played by himself.
Susan had to put things
out of Pep's reach.
He sometimes took a stocking, a glove,
or a hat,
and left it out in the yard.

One morning Susan could not find
her stockings.

She thought Pep must have them,
so she called him.
Susan heard a little bark,
but Pep did not come.

Susan went to another room.
There was Pep, all wound round
with yarn.
He had pulled a ball of yarn
from the work table.
Pep was snapping and barking
at the yarn.



But he could not stand up.
He rolled over and over.

Susan thought Pep looked so funny
that she forgot about her stockings.
She called to her mother,
"Do come and see Pep."
Susan's mother came and helped her
to take the yarn from around Pep.

"Where are those stockings?"
Susan asked Pep.
But Pep was tired.
He ran under the bed to go to sleep.
Susan looked under the bed
to see what he was doing.
There she saw her stockings.

"Oh, Oh!" said Susan,
"there are my best stockings.
They are all torn and dirty."

Sometimes Susan's mother
put her workbasket on the floor.
If she had to go from the room,
Pep found it, and upset it.
The spools rolled over the floor,
and Pep ran after them.
He thought that was fine play.

But Susan's mother was vexed
when she saw her basket upset.
She gave Pep a little slap.
"You must learn not to upset my basket,"
she said.
Then Pep looked very sad.
He ran under the bed,
and did not come out for a long time.

When Pep heard Susan coming from school,
he ran to meet her
as fast as he could.

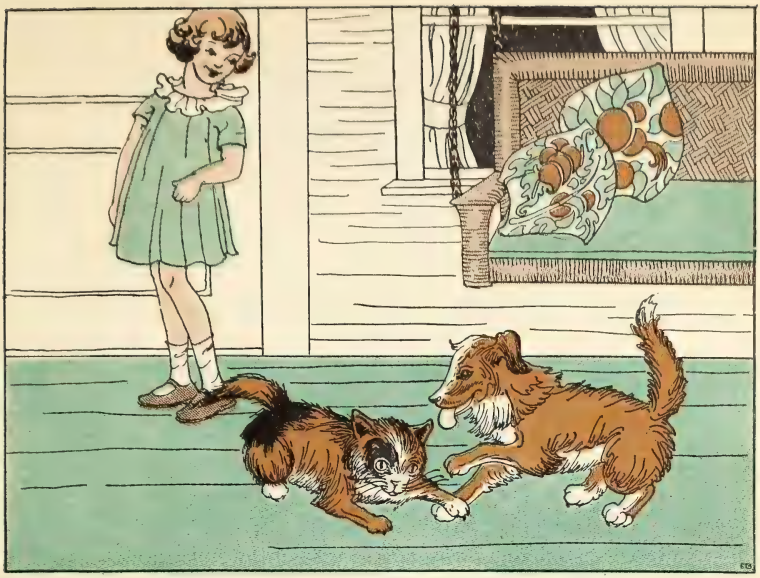
Sometimes he went down the steps
so fast that he rolled
over and over.
He looked like a little fur ball.
But he was so fat that he was
not hurt.

Susan always played with Pep
when she came home from school.
She gave him something to eat.
While he was eating, she hid.

But Pep came running after her.
And he always found her.

Sometimes Susan tied a piece of fur
to a string.
Then Tom and Pep tried to get the fur
while Susan pulled it
across the floor.
Sometimes they both got it.
Then each tried to get it
away from the other.
Susan had to take it away from them,
because Tom scratched so hard
that he hurt Pep.

"Now," she said, "I must go back
to school."
Then Pep and Tom had to play
by themselves until Susan came home
from school again.



Calico

1. Kitty Finds a New Bed

One day Susan heard a noise
on the porch.
She opened the door to see
what made the noise.
There was Pep, playing
with a little kitten.

The kitten was brown,
and had black and white spots.
Susan named him Calico.

Susan did not know
where Calico came from.
But he seemed to be happy
with her and with Pep.

Susan liked to see the puppy
and the kitten play.
They rolled over and over
on the floor.

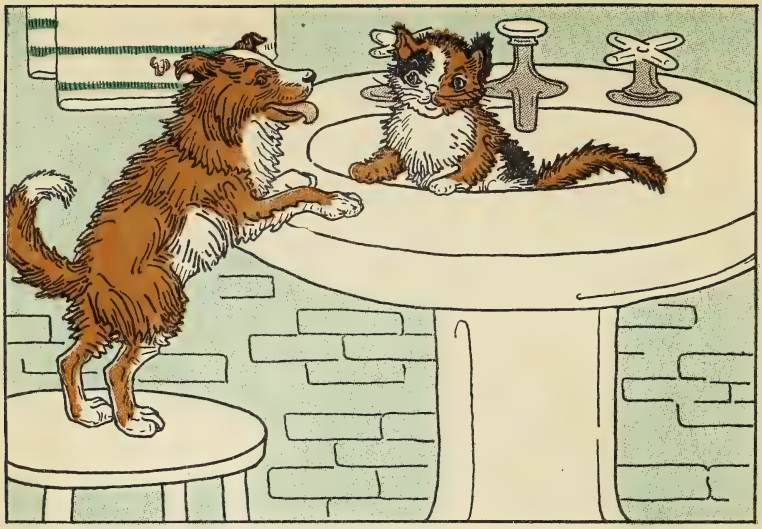
Each would catch the other
by the tail or by the paw.
The puppy would bark,
and the kitten would meow.
Sometimes they would bite
each other's ears.
But they did not bite hard.

Susan gave them a little ball.
It was fun to see them try
to keep it from each other.
Sometimes it rolled off the porch.
Then Pep would run after it,
and bring it back.

Sometimes Calico went to sleep
in queer places.
One hot day Susan could not find him.
She thought he had gone away.
She told Pep to go find him.

Pep ran all about the yard,
looking under all the bushes.
He scratched on the kitchen door,
to let Susan know he wanted
to look in the house.
When he got inside,
he looked in every room.

The bathroom door was shut.



Pep barked for Susan to open it.
Pep looked under the bathtub,
but Calico was not there.
He even looked in the bathtub,
but Calico was not there either.
Then he jumped up and looked
in the washbowl.
There was Calico, fast asleep.

Pep barked so loudly
that Calico jumped out of the bowl,
and began to meow.

"You funny kitten!" said Susan,
"you found a cool place to sleep,
but you frightened us.
We thought you were lost."

Calico

2. Kitty Makes a Trip

Once, when Calico was a big kitten,
he went away and was gone
for a long time.
He went down to the railroad tracks.
He did not like it down there.
A dog ran after him.
He heard, "Scat! Scat!"
from men and children.
He tried to find his way home,
but he saw only tracks and trains
on all sides.

Then it began to rain.
Calico did not like to get wet.

He jumped into a box car,
and lay down in a corner.
Soon he went fast asleep.

When Calico woke up,
the car was moving.
He looked out.
It was raining very hard,
and the car was going fast.
Poor Calico was much frightened.
"Meow! Meow! Meow!" he cried.
But no one heard him.

Calico ran from one side of the car
to the other.
He was afraid to jump.
The car was going too fast.
Rumble, rumble, it went,
swaying back and forth.
At last it stopped.
The rain had stopped, too.

Calico jumped out of the car.
He saw more tracks and more trains.
Calico tried to run across the tracks
to a house.
Some boys ran after him, shouting.

Calico hid under some steps.
He waited there till the boys went away.
Then he tried to find his way home.
For many days he tried.
He was hungry and tired.
He had to sleep in sheds or under steps.
He had to find any food that he could.
Sometimes he caught a mouse.

Calico had a long way to go,
and he was sometimes cold and wet.
But at last one night
he came to his own home.
And a very happy kitten he was.

Calico ran up the steps
and began to meow.
Pep heard him, and barked loudly.
Susan heard Pep's bark.
Then she heard Calico's little "Meow!"
She jumped out of bed,
and ran to her mother.

"Mother! Mother!" she cried,
"I hear Calico.
I know he has come home."

Susan's mother went with her
to open the door,
In ran Calico, as fast as he could.
Pep came running and barking after him.
Calico looked hungry and cold.
But he purred and meowed.
Pep jumped up and down to show
how happy he was to see Calico.

Susan gave Calico some warm milk.
She made him a warm bed in her room.
She let Pep sleep there, too,
that night.

The House Cat

The house cat sits
And smiles and sings.
He knows a lot
Of secret things.

—ANNETTE WYNNE

Doggie's Tricks

What's this coming? Baby, hark!
It's the doggie—hear him bark:
"Bow, wow, wow, wow"—
Don't you frighten Baby now!

Go 'way, doggie—run off, quick;
Moonie cow has found your stick—
"Moo, moo, moo, moo;"
Moonie cow is calling you.

Now he's at the ducks—O look!
See them waddle to the brook.
"Quack! quack! quack! quack!"
Doggie cannot drive them back.

— Mary Mapes Dodge

Black Tips

1. A Fox Family

Once there were five little baby foxes.
They lived with their father and mother.
Their home was a hole in the ground
on the side of a hill.

Every morning the mother
let the babies play outside.

They ran after their tails so fast
that they looked like pinwheels.
They rolled over and over down the hill.
They hid under the bushes,
and jumped out at one another.

One baby was bigger than the others.
He could run faster and jump higher.
He was very pretty, too.
His fur was red-brown,
and the tips of his ears were black.

Black Tips learned more quickly
than his little brothers and sisters.
He was first to meet the mother
when she brought home a mouse.
He learned to run to meet his father
when the father fox
brought home a chicken.

One day the mother fox
took the baby foxes into the woods.

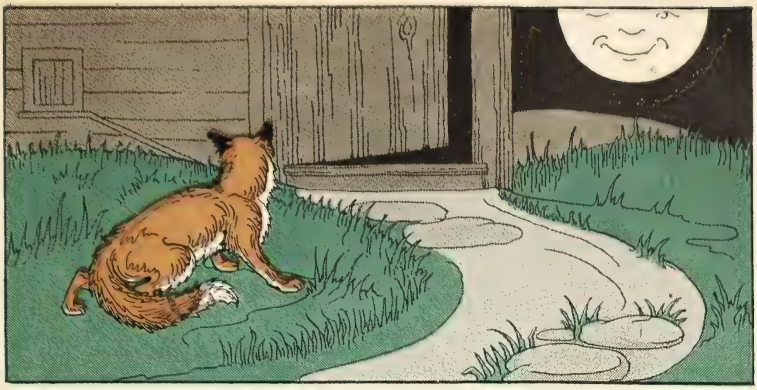
They nosed all about in the bushes.
They nosed many kinds of animal tracks.
They nosed an old trap.
That was the way they learned
to scent danger.

Black Tips forgot to stay
with his mother.
He went off nosing by himself.
Very soon he put his nose
on something cold.
It was a snake.

The snake began to crawl away.
The little fox ran after it.
He tried to catch hold of its tail.
The snake crawled faster.
Black Tips ran faster, too.

At last Black Tips stepped on the snake
with both front paws.
But he could not hold on very well.
The snake was too slippery.
The snake soon got away and coiled
around the little fox's body.

Black Tips did not cry.
He caught the snake's head quickly
and bit it.
In a very few moments,
the snake fell to the ground dead.
Then Black Tips ran back to his mother.
He did not want to meet a big snake
again very soon.



Black Tips

2. A Visit to a Barnyard

When Black Tips was bigger,
his mother let him hunt by himself.
One night he went to a barnyard,
to try to get a chicken.
He saw the chicken house.
The door was open.
He looked in, and all around.
The chickens were asleep.
Black Tips stepped in very slowly.

Just as his tail came through the door,
he stepped on a string.
The string held the door open.
Black Tips' paw pulled the string,
and the door banged shut.
It made a big noise
and frightened Black Tips.
He turned to the door
and tried to get out.
He scratched and scratched,
but he could not open the door.
Black Tips ran to the window
and tried to jump out.
He could not break the glass.

The chickens were cackling
and flying about.
Black Tips ran back to the door,
and kept running hard against it.
He could not move it.

He was very much frightened.

Just then Black Tips heard a noise.
He lay down and kept quiet,
like a dog playing dead.
The farmer and his son came
into the chicken house.
They thought Black Tips was dead.
His eyes were closed.
He did not move a hair.
"Well, well, well," said the father,
"that fox is dead."

The son took Black Tips out,
and threw him on the ground.
Then he and his father looked around
in the chicken house.
They wanted to see
how many chickens were dead.

"That fox has a fine skin.
See how fine and dark it is.

We shall sell him for a good sum,"
said the son to the father.
In a short time the men came out,
and turned to look for the fox.
He was gone.
The men looked at each other.
They looked down the road.
They looked off into the woods.
But they could not see Black Tips.
He had run back home
as fast as he could.
"That was a clever trick!"
said the son.

Black Tips

3. A Long Race

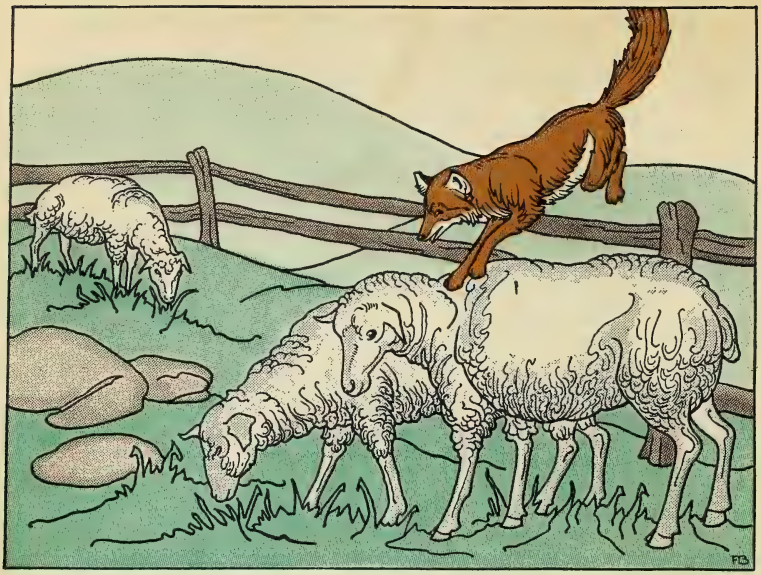
One day, when Black Tips was quite big,
he heard many dogs barking.
He went to a high rock to see
where they were.

They were coming right toward him.
There were many men on horses, too.

Black Tips ran round and round
through the bushes.
He jumped over fallen trees.
Then he ran into a brook.
He stood on the wet stones in the water.
The dogs could not find his scent.
But they were coming nearer.

Black Tips jumped onto a fence.
He ran from one end to the other.
He could hear the dogs barking.
They had found his tracks
by the side of the brook.

Down Black Tips jumped from the fence.
And off into the woods he ran
like the wind.
At last he came to a meadow.
Some sheep were by the fence.



He jumped over the fence,
over the backs of two or three sheep,
and ran away across the meadow.
Then Black Tips looked around.
The dogs were running round and round
in a circle.
They could not find the scent.
Black Tips waited and rested.
But very soon he heard the dogs
coming again.

Up he jumped and was off like the wind.
Into the thick woods, over stones,
and up and down steep hills he ran,
to tire the dogs;
But they did not stop running.
Black Tips was getting tired.
He crossed another brook.
Then he lay down to rest again.

When the dogs came to this brook,
they lost the scent.
But they ran across to the other side.
There they found the scent again.
They began to follow it,
barking all the while.

Black Tips began to run again.
He came to a stone wall,
and jumped over it.
He was almost too tired to run any more.
The dogs were just behind him.

A cart was going by in the road.
Black Tips jumped into the cart.
He hid behind some boxes.
When the dogs came over the wall
into the road, no fox was to be found.

After a long time Black Tips
jumped out of the cart
and ran away into the woods.
The dogs were far away,
and he was safe again.

Baby Squirrels

1. The Tiny Squirrel and the Cat

In a park in a little town
there were many fine trees.
Many birds and squirrels
lived in the trees.

One morning four baby squirrels
opened their eyes, in a nest,
in one of these trees.
They were just nine days old.

The nest was made of leaves and twigs.
It had a roof to keep out the rain,
and an opening in the side,
for a door.

One by one, the babies climbed
to the opening.
They liked all the sights.
They liked to see the big squirrels
playing in the trees.
They liked to see the birds flying
from tree to tree.

One day the mother found all her babies
sitting on a big limb.
After that they climbed
out of their nest every day.
Very soon they were climbing
all over the tree.

One day the baby squirrels
followed their mother to the ground.
There they had a good play.
They ran after one another, like children.
They turned over and over.
They ran a little way up the tree,
then came slowly down.

They were not big enough
to come down very fast.
They were afraid, too.
After their play, their mother
called them. She said,
"Quik-quik-quik-qua-a-a-a!"
They ran to her.
She was eating some maple seeds.
The little squirrels found some, too.

They took them in their little paws
and began to nibble at them.

Just then the baby squirrels
heard a noise.
It was the mother calling,
"Quik-quik-quik-qua-a-a-a!"
Up the tree they ran to a big limb.
They all looked down.
A cat was coming up the tree.
She was coming nearer and nearer.

The mother squirrel was higher
in the tree than the babies.
She saw the cat coming nearer to them.
She called again.
All the babies ran away out on the limb.
But the cat followed them.
The mother squirrel jumped
to a limb of another tree.
It was not very far.

The babies saw her over there.
One baby after another jumped
into the tree after their mother.

The tiniest baby was afraid to jump.
He started again and again,
but he was afraid to leap.
The mother called and called.

The cat was coming nearer
and nearer to the baby.
At last she put out her paw
to get the baby.
Then the little squirrel jumped quickly.
But he did not jump far enough
to reach the limb of the other tree.
Down he fell to the ground.
He spread out his tiny legs and his tail.
That kept him from falling hard.
The mother squirrel ran down the tree
to her baby.

The cat tried to get to the ground
before the mother squirrel got there.
But the cat had to go down the tree
backwards.
So the mother squirrel got to the baby
before the cat got to the ground.
The baby was not hurt at all,
but he was badly frightened.

With her mouth, the mother squirrel
took hold of the baby's hind leg,
close to the body.
The baby curled up
around his mother's neck.

She took him to the nest.
The cat could not follow them so high.
The other little squirrels jumped back
into the tree that held their nest.
They ran quickly to their house.
And there they were high and safe
from the old cat.

Baby Squirrels

2. Learning to Leap

One day there was a big storm.
It rained hard, and the wind
swayed the trees back and forth.

The tiny squirrel was not in the nest.
The mother squirrel was looking for him.
She ran up one tree and down another.

At last the mother came back
to her own tree.
But just then she saw the baby
in the tree next to hers.
He was wet and frightened.

The mother jumped over to her baby.
The baby ran out on a branch to her.
The mother washed him,
just as a cat washes a kitten.

Then she leaped back to the tree
that held the nest.
She called to the baby,
over and over again.
"Quik-quik-quik-qua-a-a-a!
Quik-quik-quik-qua-a-a-a!"

The baby wanted to leap across
as his mother had leaped.
But the branches swayed so hard
he was afraid.
He got ready to jump again and again,
but he was always afraid.

So the mother jumped back to him.
She tried to coax him to go with her
But she could not get him to move.

The storm was so bad the mother squirrel
did not want to stay out in it.

So she ran back to her other babies.
The tiny baby did not try to follow her.
After a long time he crept
close to the tree,
to get away from the wind.
There he stayed all night.

In the morning there was no wind,
and the rain had stopped.
The mother squirrel
went for the tiny baby.
He was sleepy and tired.

The mother squirrel coaxed her baby
out onto a branch near the tree
that held the nest.
Then she leaped across into it,
to show the baby how.
This time he leaped across.
He was not afraid.
After that, he could leap
as well as the others.

Baby Squirrels

3. Winter Comes

By fall the little squirrels
were about as big as their mother.
They could now help their mother
to build a winter nest.

The children were big enough to learn
to dig little holes in the ground.

They put in hickory nuts, beechnuts,
and pine seeds.
They hid nuts in holes in trees.
They went with their mother
to their new nest
in an old hollow tree.
They hid some butternuts there.
Every day for a long time
the little squirrels were busy
hiding nuts.

After a time the air began to grow cold.
The little squirrels and their mother
went to the hollow tree.
There was the winter nest,
where the cold winds
could not blow it away.

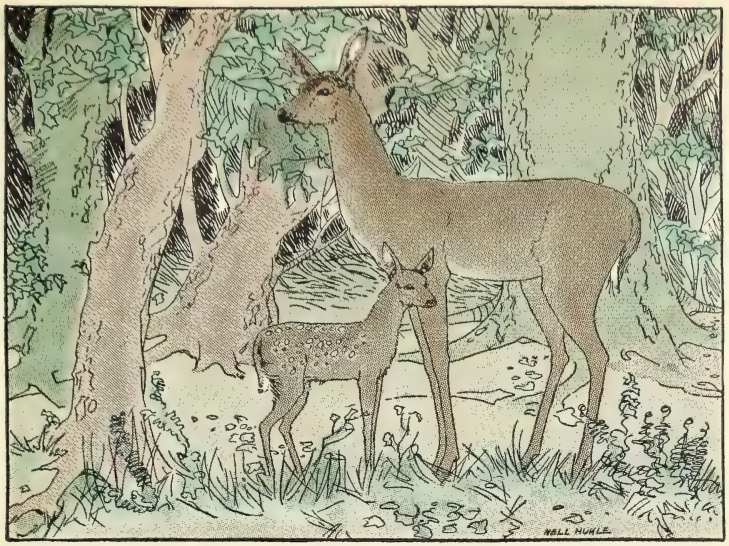
There was a warm little room,
where no snow could fall
to make the squirrels cold.

When the snow was on the ground,
the squirrels stayed in the tree.
When they were very hungry,
they ate some of the nuts.
Most of the time they slept
with their warm tails
wrapped about them.
They were snug and warm.

When there was no snow,
the squirrels hunted for the nuts
they had hidden.

They ran here and there,
over the ground and in the trees.
They found some of their beechnuts,
their hickory nuts, and their pine seeds.
They found some of their acorns,
and their butternuts.
They forgot where they had hidden
some of them.
But they found enough to keep them
fat and warm through the winter.

By spring the baby squirrels
had grown up.
They made nests of their own.
Before fall their babies
were climbing the trees,
and running over the ground.



Spotty

1. At Home in the Woods

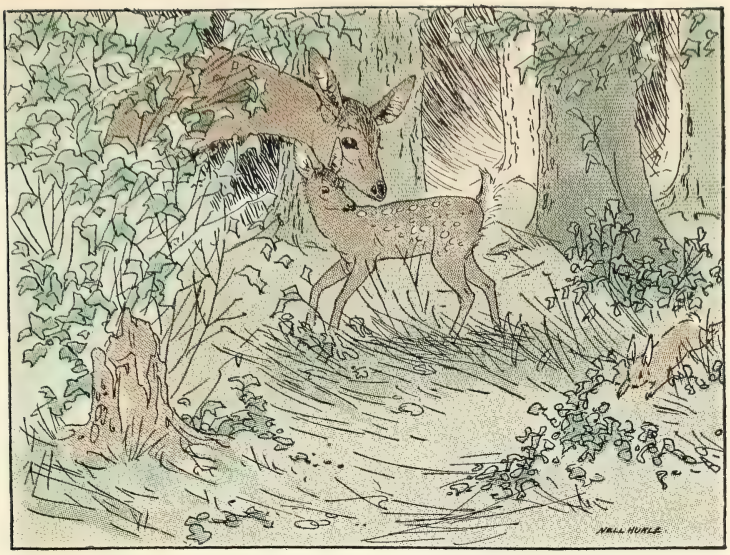
One day a little fawn
and his mother were out walking
in the deep woods.
The little fawn's coat was light brown.
His legs were long and his feet black.

He had pretty spots
all over his back and sides.
That is why he was called Spotty.

Spotty's mother was called Brown Eyes.
Spotty and Brown Eyes walked slowly.
The little fawn was only three weeks old.
His legs were still a little weak,
so he could not walk very fast.

Everything was very still in the woods.
Once in a while a little rabbit
ran from one bush to another.
This frightened Spotty.
He jumped, and tried to run away.
But Brown Eyes made a soft sound,
and rubbed her nose over her baby.
Then Spotty was not frightened any more.

When Spotty was tired, he lay down
in the soft grass or among the ferns,
and went to sleep.



Brown Eyes nosed about for sweet moss,
or reached up into the trees
for leaves and buds.

Sometimes she had to leave Spotty
a long time.
But Spotty lay very, very still
until she came back.
Brown Eyes had taught him to do that.
Then other wild animals could not
find him very well.

When Brown Eyes came back to Spotty,
she gave him a good drink of milk,
and washed him with her tongue.
Then Spotty was ready for play.

Spotty ran a little bit away from
his mother, and then back again.
He kicked up his heels.
He jumped over very small bushes.
He shook his head up and down.
All summer Spotty and Brown Eyes
had a good time in the woods.

Spotty learned to eat
what his mother ate.
He sometimes took the leaves and moss
hanging from her mouth.
He learned to drink the cool water
from the streams.
He learned to run races
with the other fawns.

Spotty

2. Finding a New Home

One day Spotty heard strange sounds.
He looked up.
Brown Eyes looked frightened.
She touched her nose to his,
and then began to run very fast.

Poor little Spotty could not
keep up with his mother.

So Brown Eyes turned around
and came back to him.
She pushed him down to the ground
softly with her nose.
There he lay among the tall ferns.
He knew he must not move.

Brown Eyes stood beside Spotty.
She waited until she heard dogs
barking very near her.
Soon the dogs saw Brown Eyes.
Then she began to run very fast.
That was the way she took the dogs
away from her fawn.

All afternoon and all night
Spotty lay still,
waiting for his mother.
In the morning he was very hungry.
He put his head up a little to look about.
He got up and walked around.

He wanted his mother.
But Brown Eyes did not come.

At last Spotty thought he would go
to look for Brown Eyes.
He went to a stream near by.
She was not there.
He went down a little hill
to some pine trees.
She was not there.
All day he went up one hill
and down another.

Sometimes Spotty stopped for a drink
or for some moss or leaves.
If he heard a noise,
he lay down very still,
and did not move.
After a long time Spotty came
out of the woods.
It was almost night. Everything was still.

Down a steep hill went Spotty
until he came to a fence.

There Spotty saw some hay in a big pile.
He nibbled at it. It was good.
Just then a little girl
came out of a house.
"Father! Father!" she called,
"A little fawn was here.
I saw it run into the woods."

"It will come again if we feed it,"
said the father.
"It is so cold now that the little fawn
will not be able to find
enough food to eat.
We must feed it
while the cold weather lasts."

The next night the little girl watched
for the baby fawn.
When it was almost night, Spotty came.

He nibbled at the sweet hay.

Each night after that the little girl
went nearer to Spotty.
At first he ran away.
But after a while he ate hay
from the little girl's hand.

She was as good to him
as his mother had been.
Spotty never saw Brown Eyes again.

But he was happy, for the little girl
took good care of him.

The little girl fed Spotty all winter.
By spring he was a big, big deer.
Then one day Spotty ran off
into the woods and never came back
to the little girl's house.
The leaves and buds were coming out
on the trees and bushes.
Spotty no longer needed to get
food from the little girl.
He could find enough food for himself.

Baby Deer Mice

1. Babies in Danger

Away off in the deep woods,
there once lived five wee baby mice.
They were no bigger than beans.
Their eyes were not yet open,
and they had no hair
on their pink bodies.
Their mother had to nestle up close
to them to keep them warm.

The little mice lived in a cozy nest
under a big stone.
It was made of dry grass and moss,
and looked like a bird's nest
turned upside down.
The nest had two tiny holes in it.

One of these holes was a door.
The other hole led into a long tunnel.
And the tunnel led to another door,
that was in the woods,
not far from the big stone.

The mother mouse often left the nest
to find food for her babies.
Every once in a while she went out
to find food for herself, too.
But she did not go very far away.
And she did not stay away very long.
She wanted to be near enough
to hear her babies if they cried
for her.

One day, when the mother was away
from the nest, she heard a very loud
"Squeak, squeak, squeak."
Then in just a minute she heard,
"Scratch, scratch, scratch."

She ran back to her home
as quickly as she could.

There she saw a big bear.

The bear was trying to scratch a hole
under the stone.
The frightened mother heard her babies
cry, "Squeak, squeak, squeak."

The mother ran to the other little hole
that opened into the nest.
This hole was near the big stone,
and was behind the bear.

Down the tunnel ran the mother mouse,
and up into her nest.
She could hear the old bear
scratching, scratching, scratching,
with his big paws.
She could even hear the stone moving.

The mother let the babies
take hold of her just as they did
for their supper.
Then off through the tunnel she went,
the babies holding to her.

The big bear kept scratching
and scratching away.
At last he turned over the stone.
He thought he would have
some tender little mice.
But every mouse was gone.
And a sad, hungry old bear
went off into the woods.

Baby Deer Mice

2. Learning to Hide

The mother mouse was afraid the bear
might come back again for the babies.
So she made a new nest.
She made it under another big stone,
far away from the first one.
She made a new tunnel,
down under the ground, too.

In a few weeks the baby mice
had pretty tan fur
on their backs and sides.
They had pretty white feet.
They had long legs and big ears.
They looked like five very tiny deer.

The little mice were playful now.
They ran up and down the tunnel, and
here and there under the big stone.

Sometimes the babies left the nest
with their mother.
But they stayed close beside her.
They kept looking all about them.
They hid every few steps.

They hid under big stones
and under dry leaves.
They were afraid of bears and foxes.
They were afraid of owls, too.

The mother mouse showed the little ones
where to find beechnuts, roots,
maple seeds, and tender bark.
They sat up just like squirrels,
and nibbled nuts from their paws.

One night the baby mice
left the nest without their mother.
They were afraid of every noise.
They looked this way and that.
They took only a few steps at a time.

"Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!"
said a big voice far away.
It was the call of a hungry old owl.
The little mice were frightened.
They ran under big stones.
They lay very, very still.

"WHOO! WHOO! WHOO!"
said the big voice again.
This time it was very near.

The little mice did not move a tail.
They did not move an ear.
They did not move a paw.

"WHOO! WHOO! WHOO!"
they heard, right over them.
Then they heard a loud flapping noise.

By this time the little mice
were so frightened
that they wanted to run.

But they did not move a tail.
They did not move an ear.
They did not move a paw
until the big owl flew far, far away.

Then the baby mice ran fast
to their tunnel.
They were safe there.
But they were still afraid to move.
It was a long time after that
before they would leave
the nest again.

Baby Deer Mice

3. How the Deer Mice Live in Winter

By fall the baby mice were big enough
to help their mother
dig a little storeroom.
This was for their winter food.
It was at the side of the tunnel,
under the ground.

The mice shelled many beechnuts
to put into the storeroom.
They held the nuts in their forepaws.
They nibbled off the shells
with their sharp little teeth.
Then they ran to the storeroom
with the sweet nut meats.

The busy mice took seeds of plants
into the storeroom, too.
They took in seeds of the maple trees.
They were busy a long time.

At last the mice were all ready
for winter.
They had a warm home,
and they had enough to eat, too.

When the snow covered the ground,
the mice made tunnels through it
to the top.
Then they could run about over the snow.
Sometimes the mice found little seeds.

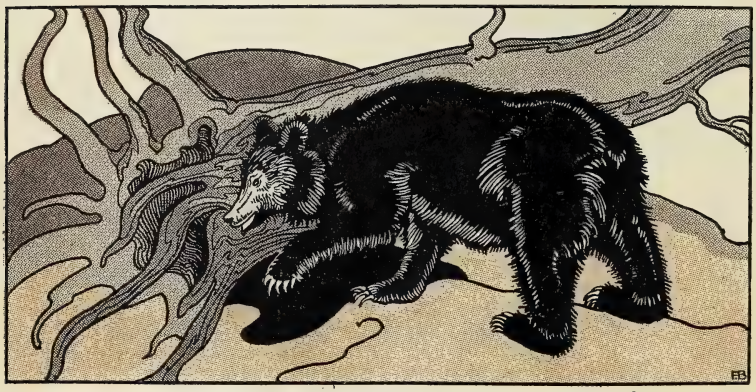
The seeds tasted good to them.
Sometimes they just ran
in and out of their tunnels,
playing with one another.
Their pretty tracks were everywhere
in the snow.

The Mouse and the Cat

A little mouse sat down to spin.
Puss came by and peeped within,
"Shall I come in and cut your thread?"
"No, no, Puss, you'd bite off my head."

—Mother Goose

Bear Cubs



1. The Winter Home

One cold day, in the fall,
a big brown bear was hunting
for a winter home.
She found an old tree
that the wind had turned over,
roots and all.

She began digging a hole
under the tree, near the roots.
When the hole was bigger than herself,
the bear raked in many, many leaves
with her big claws.
Then she got into the hole
and curled up, ready to sleep.
The tree and its roots
made a kind of roof for her house.

The old bear slept there all winter.
Sometimes the snow came in
between the roots.
But that only kept out the wind,
and made her home warmer.

When she went to sleep,
she had thick fat under her fur.
That kept her very warm,
and gave her body food
while she slept.

Before the old bear was ready
to leave her winter home,
two baby bears were born.
They were no bigger than squirrels.
They had no fur.
Their eyes were not open.

Sometimes the mother bear went off
into the woods for food,
But she always came back soon
to give her babies her warm milk.
Then the babies slept, and slept,
and slept.

Bear Cubs

2. Their First Trip Out-of-Doors

When the little bears were covered
with thick, brown fur,
their mother took them
out of their hole.
The cubs were about three months old.

They were nearly as big as big cats,
but they looked like furry balls.

The mother bear was hungry,
and looked about for food.
The cubs were not old enough to eat.
They still drank only the mother's milk.
But they followed their mother
wherever she went.
They did not want her out of
their sight.

Sometimes the mother climbed
over rocks, and down steep hills.
Sometimes the little cubs slipped,
and rolled over and over
down the hills.

One day one little bear rolled
right down into a pond.
It was deep, so he had to swim to shore.
No one had taught him to swim.

He just made his feet go as
he did when he walked.
Soon he was safe on the bank again.

The little cub was not hurt.
But he was wet.
He shook himself, and then ran
to catch up with his mother.

The little bears played
while their mother hunted for roots.
They wrestled and rolled over and over
in the leaves.

They chased each other up the trees.
Sometimes one cub climbed
away out on a branch.
Then he swung down to the ground
and ran away.
He hid in the bushes,
while the other cub backed
down the tree.
Then they began the chase over again.

Sometimes the mother bear
let the little cubs play with her.
They nipped her ears,
They jumped upon her, and then rolled off.
They did this again and again.
They pulled her tail.
The little bears played at something
whenever they were not eating
or sleeping.

Bear Cubs

3. Frightened Babies

One day the mother bear
found some meat.
She called the little bears to her.
They were not big enough
to eat the meat.
But they licked it.
It tasted good to them.

Their little red tongues
went in and out, in and out, very fast.

The mother bear liked the meat, too.
She and the babies forgot
about everything else.
They forgot about sleeping;
they forgot about playing;
they forgot about danger, too,
until they heard a noise.

Then they all looked up quickly.
There stood another big bear
looking at them.
He wanted the meat, too.
When the mother bear saw the big bear,
she began to growl.
Both babies ran up a big tree,
whining and crying.

The big bear came near to the mother.
He growled loudly.

The mother bear growled, too.
Then the two big bears
came at each other.

Over and over, on the ground,
they rolled, biting and growling.

After a time the big bear got up
and tried to run away.
The mother bear ran after him.
Over and over they rolled again.

Again the big bear got up
and tried to run away.
And again the mother bear
ran after him, and rolled him
over and over on the ground.

All this while the babies
sat very quiet on a limb
of the big tree.
They did not know what to do.
They were afraid of the big bear.
And they were afraid
of their mother when she growled.
So they just whined and cried.

Soon the big bear tried
to run away again.
But the mother bear ran after him.
The babies could not see
where she went.
They whined and cried more loudly.
But they did not dare climb down the tree
until their mother came back.

The mother bear was gone a long time.
The babies were tired and sad.
They kept on whining
every little while.

At last the sad little cubs
heard their mother calling to them.
Down the tree they climbed,
as fast as they could.
The big bear was gone.
So the mother and babies
went back to their meat.

When the mother bear had eaten
all the meat she wanted,
she and the cubs lay down
in the sun and slept.

Bear Cubs

4. The Babies Learn How to Fish

Near the end of the summer
the cubs were big enough to eat
the same kind of food
as their mother ate.
They learned to dig roots.
They learned to swim in the pond
for lily buds.
They learned to stand on their hind legs
and reach for berries.

One day the mother bear took the cubs
to a stream.
She walked out on a fallen tree,
and looked into the water
for a long time.

Then she put a big paw down
into the water.

The little cubs did not know
what their mother was doing.
Very soon water splashed over them.
On the ground was a fish.

The cubs ran for the fish.
Then there was another splash,
and another fish.

The little cubs ate so many fish
that they were about as wide
as they were long.

Bear Cubs

5. Going to Bed for the Winter

When the days began to grow cooler,
the mother bear showed the cubs
where to find good nuts.
They had to eat enough
to grow very fat.
They were going to sleep all winter.
The fat would keep them warm.

One day the mother took the cubs
to a big tree.
There she found a hollow
at the foot of the tree.
The hole was big enough for the mother
and the baby cubs to sleep in.

Inside were many leaves
and some soft dirt.

The mother bear went into the hole,
and called the little cubs.
They went into the hole, too,
and lay down on the soft bed,
near their mother.
They were soon fast asleep.

Snow came and almost closed the opening.
The cold winter winds blew.
The pine trees swayed and rocked.
But the mother bear and the two cubs
did not hear a sound until spring.

Two Mistakes

A toddling boy, pet name Bub,
In the garden met a cub.
"Pretty Doggy!" said little Bub;
But up a tree went Baby Cub.

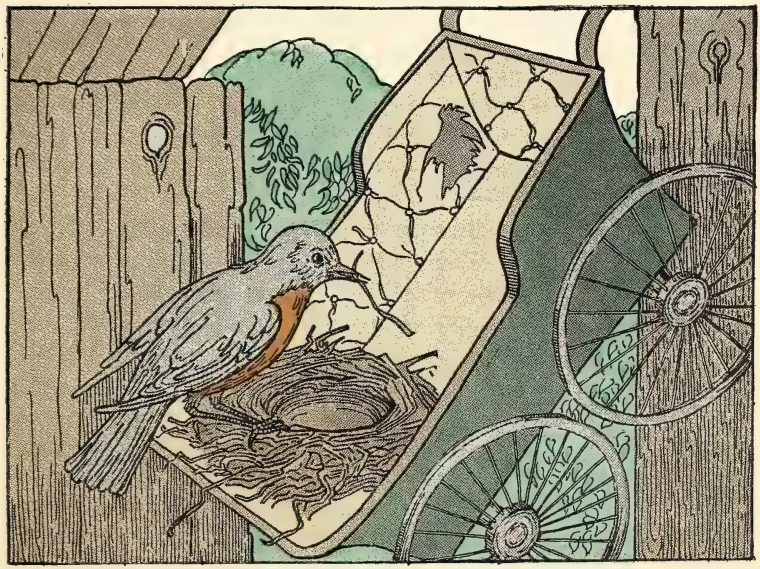
—Brother Goose

Baby Robins

1. A Doll Buggy Home

A mother and father robin
were making a nest in a queer place.
It was in a little girl's doll buggy.

The little girl did not play
with the buggy now.



So it was hung from the roof
of an old shed.
It was so high that no cat could get to it.

The father and mother robin
found bits of grass
and tiny twigs for the nest.
They found hair from the tails
of horses, and some bits of string.

In and out, in and out,
the busy robins wove these bits.
They wove them with their bills.
When they had woven together
enough of these bits,
they brought mud, and put it all over
the inside of their nest.
That held the bits together.

When the robins had enough mud,
they found bits of down
in the barnyard.

They found some more hair, too.
They put down and hair into the nest
to make it soft for the baby robins.

In three days the nest was made.
In a few days more
four pretty blue eggs were in it.

Then the mother robin sat on the eggs
two weeks.
She left them only when
she wanted food and water.
She could not stay away very long.
Her eggs must not get cold.
For if they did, no little birds
would come out of them.
At last the little robins
began to peck holes in the shells.
Soon all of them were out.

Now the father and mother robins
had to feed their babies.

The mother robin flew out-of-doors.
On the ground she found a worm.
Back she flew to the nest with the worm.
Then the father robin found a worm, too.
And back he flew to the nest.

When the babies felt the father
or mother light on a twig near by,
up went their little heads.
And open flew their yellow bills,
ready for the worm or other food.

The mother and father robins
fed their babies bits of worms,
grubs, and caterpillars.
They also gave them bits of cherries
and berries.
And yet the babies seemed hungry
all the time.

Baby Robins

2. Robins at School

In about two weeks the babies
were big enough to hop to the edge
of the nest.
Every day the mother robin
tried to teach them to fly.
She hopped from the nest to one side
of the doll buggy.

Then she called to them
to follow her.
The babies were afraid to come
to her.
"Che-e-ep! Che-e-ep! Che-e-ep!"
they cried.

One morning the mother flew
into the shed with a worm.
She perched on one side of the buggy.
Then she hopped from one side
of the buggy to the other.

At last one baby spread his wings
and hopped to his mother.
She gave him the worm.
Then away she flew for another worm.
Soon she was back again.
This time she tried to coax
the other babies to hop up
to the side of the buggy.

But they would not come
close enough to get the worm.
They were still afraid.
So they only cried, "Che-e-ep! Che-e-ep!"
At last another little robin
flew up to the side of the buggy.
The mother robin gave him the worm.
By and by all the babies
sat on the side of the buggy,
waiting for worms.

Soon one baby flew down to the floor.
The mother flew outdoors
and called and called.
The father called and called, too.
They wanted the baby to come out
and fly to the trees.
Then he would be safe.
But he could not fly so far
So he stood very still on the floor.

Just then a little black kitten came by.
The robins were afraid that
she would get the baby.
More and more loudly they called.

Other robins heard them.
Down they came flying to see
what all the noise was about.
They saw the kitten, and flew at her.
"Meow, Meow, Meow," she cried,
and ran for the shed.

She was afraid of so many birds.

The poor father and mother were
more frightened now
than they had been before.
They flew into the shed.
There was their baby,
still on the floor.

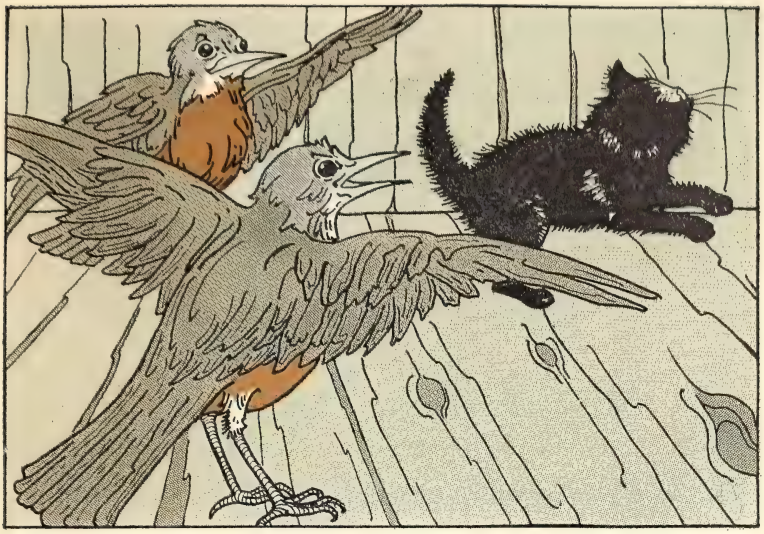
The kitten saw the little robin
and ran up to him.

The father and mother robins flew down
and flapped their wings near her.
The kitten did not like that.
She ran into a corner.

Just then the baby robin
spread his wings and flew
to a wagon pole above him.
The kitten saw him and ran out
after him again.

Down flew the brave little mother robin,
near enough to the kitten
to give her a big peck.
That hurt the kitten.
She ran out of the shed as fast
as she could go.

Now the baby robin was safe.
But the father and mother robin
kept calling and calling to him.
They wanted him to fly to his nest.



There no kitten could find him.

And very soon the baby did hop
a little higher on the pole.
Then he spread his wings and flew
up to a side of the wagon.
There he rested a long while.
His father and mother kept calling
and calling to him.

At last the little robin
flew up to his nest.

And all was quiet in the shed.
No kitten was there,
and no frightened father and mother
were calling.

Baby Robins

3. Good-by for the Winter

When fall came, all the robins
had to go south.
There it was warm, and they could
find worms and berries.

This is how they started:
One robin flew up from the ground,
high, high into the air.
He gave a loud call.
Then others followed him into the air.
The mother and father robins
flew up, too.

Then all the young robins followed.
They were big birds now.

Off flew the old robins.
Off flew the young robins.
They were going on a long, long journey.
They would meet other birds.
They would see many strange sights.
They would come to a new home.

But in the spring they would
come back again to their old home.
There they would build nests
of their own, in the old shed.
Maybe their mother would build
another nest in the old doll buggy.

Robin Redbreast

Little Robin Redbreast
Sat upon a rail;
Niddle naddle went his head,
Wiggle waggle went his tail.

—Mother Goose

Little Robin Redbreast

Little Robin Redbreast
Sat up in a tree.
Up went the Pussy cat,
And down came he.

Down came Pussy cat.
Away Robin ran.
Said little Robin Redbreast,
"Catch me if you can."

Little Robin Redbreast
Jumped up on a wall.
Pussy cat jumped after him
And got a little fall.

Little Robin chirped and sang,
And what did Pussy say?
Pussy cat said, "Mew, mew, mew!"
And Robin flew away.

—Mother Goose

Silver Heels

1. A Baby among the Bushes

Once upon a time there was a farmer
named Mr. Cobb.
He had a wise and pretty mare
called Nipper.

She was given this name because
she used to nip everyone
who came near her.

When anyone petted her nose,
Nipper nipped him.
When anyone put her harness on,
she nipped him, too.
When the dog barked at her,
she nipped him.

Nipper did not hurt anyone.
She did not nip with her teeth.
She nipped only with her lips,
just for fun.

One day, when Mr. Cobb went
to the meadow to get Nipper,
he found her behind some bushes.
She had a baby colt.

Nipper was giving her baby a bath
with her long tongue.
She whinnied when she saw Mr. Cobb.
She wanted him to see her baby.

The colt had a pretty brown coat,
and a white spot on his nose.
His hind feet were all white.
"I shall call him Silver Heels,"
said Mr. Cobb.

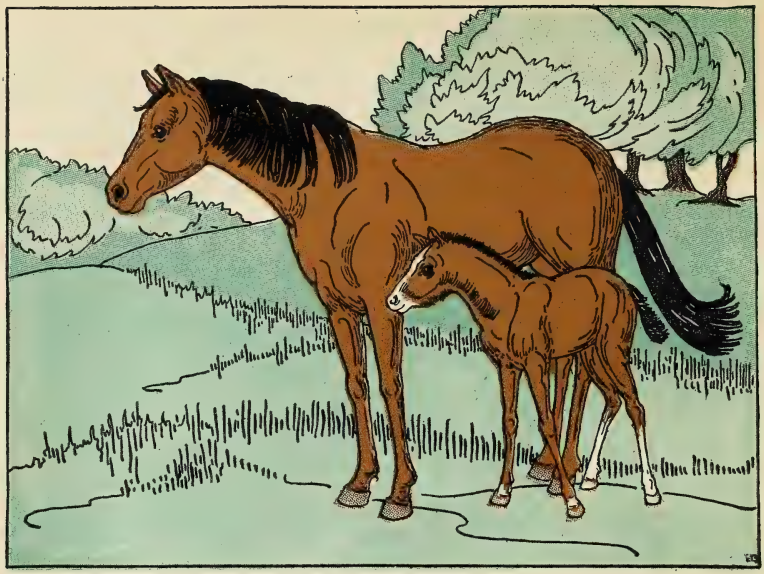
The mother nipped her baby on the ears,
to make him stand up.

But he was too tired.
He put his head down and went to sleep.
Nipper stood very near her baby,
her warm nose close to his.
She went to sleep, too.

Mr. Cobb petted her and said,
"I will leave you here
in the cool meadow.
That is a good home for you
and your little colt."

Soon Nipper woke up.
There was Silver Heels,
his forelegs stretched out
in front of him.
He was trying to get up.

He tried again and again,
resting a little after each trial.
He seemed to be getting stronger.



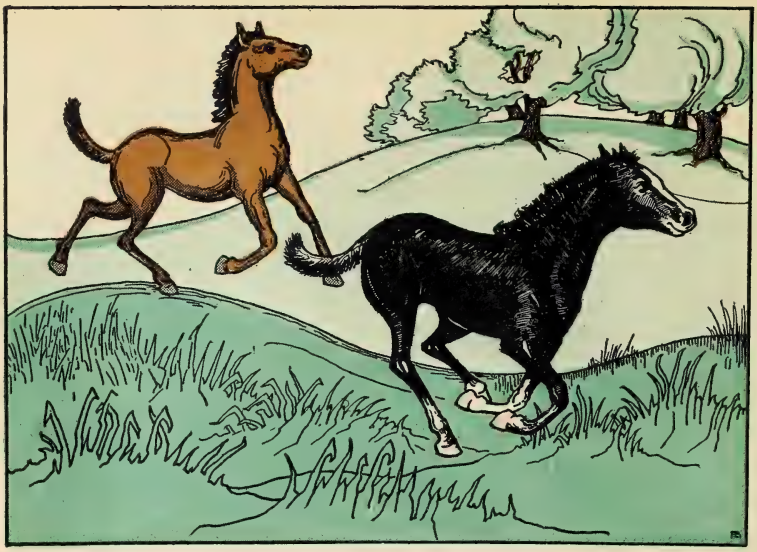
At last Silver Heels pushed hard
with his hind legs,
and there he was on his feet.
His legs were very long.
They looked like stilts.

Nipper whinnied softly to him.
The colt walked a few steps,
but his legs were not strong yet.

He went to his mother and took
a drink of her warm milk.
Then he shook his little black tail
and his pretty brown head.
The milk was making him stronger,
In a few days he could
get up easily and walk well.

Silver Heels felt strange
when his mother took him
into the big meadow.
There were other colts there.
They came running to see
the little stranger.
They kicked up their heels.
They put their tails away out,
and ran across the meadow and back.

Silver Heels tried to do as they did,
but he could not kick very high,
and he could not run very fast.



When Silver Heels was six weeks old,
all the other colts had races.

That was one of the ways
the colts liked to play.
Silver Heels watched them a while.
Then he felt that he must run too.
Away he went across the meadow.

He tried hard to run fast,
and he did beat one of the colts.

2. A Narrow Escape

One warm day the horses and colts
were all down by the river.
The flies were biting hard.

Nipper and some of the other horses
walked into the river,
where the water was not deep.

But it was deep enough
to keep the flies from their legs.
It was deep enough to cool them off.

Silver Heels saw them, and wanted
to go into the water, too.
He had never been in the river.
He walked in at a place
where the water was deep.
The mud at the bottom was soft.
His feet sank deep into it.
When he tried to pull them out,
he only sank deeper and deeper.
Soon only his head was out of the water.

Nipper did not know what to do.
She whinnied to her colt to come out.
She ran up and down the bank.
She whinnied again and again,
trying to coax him out.
Silver Heels could not move his feet.

Nipper ran across the meadow
and jumped the fence near the barn.
There she saw Mr. Cobb,
running to meet her.

She did not wait for him.
She jumped the fence again,
and ran back to the river.
Mr. Cobb ran after her.
He saw the colt with only his eyes
and his nose out of water.

Silver Heels was afraid when he saw
Mr. Cobb coming into the water.
But Nipper whinnied softly,
and Mr. Cobb spoke kindly.
Mr. Cobb took off his belt and put it
around the colt's body.
He pulled hard three times.
Then the little colt began to step.
It was hard work to walk in the mud.
But Mr. Cobb held him up
with his belt.
He soon had Silver Heels
on safe ground again.

The little colt whinnied
and ran to Nipper.
Nipper whinnied, rubbed her nose
over the colt, and nipped his ears.

"You are a good, wise mother,"
said Mr. Cobb to Nipper.

3. Mother and Baby at the Fair

All summer long Nipper and her colt
stayed in the meadow.
In the fall Silver Heels was big
and fine looking.
"I will take you and Nipper
to the Fair," said Mr. Cobb.
"Maybe you will win a prize."

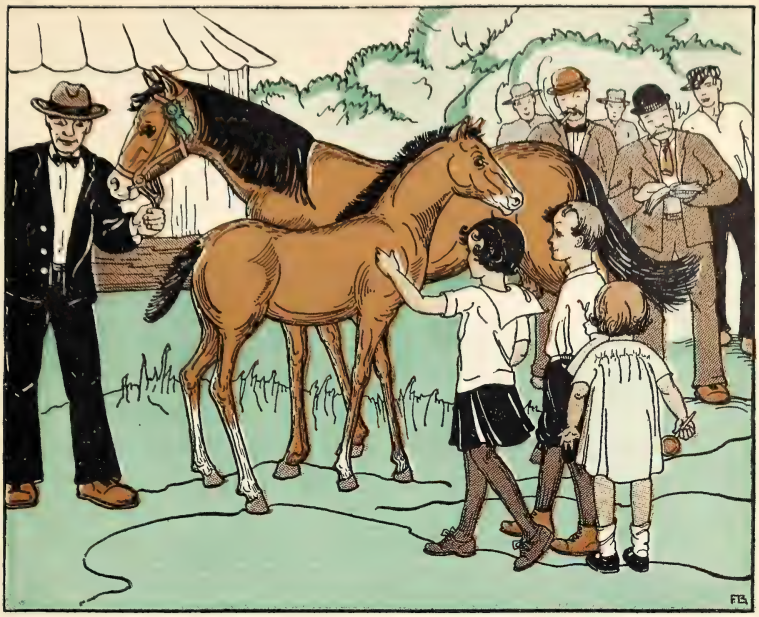
There was a horse show at the Fair.
There were many fine horses
in the stalls.
There were men to take them out
to show them to the people.

Mr. Cobb put Nipper and Silver Heels
in the same stall.
Then Silver Heels was not afraid
of the noise.

Mr. Cobb rubbed Nipper
and Silver Heels all over.
He brushed and combed their tails
and their manes.
He washed their noses.

Many men came to look at
Nipper and Silver Heels.
They petted their noses.
They rubbed their backs.
Mr. Cobb took Nipper and Silver Heels out
to show the people how well
they walked and trotted.
"They are the finest mare and colt
at the Fair," the men said
to one another.

One of the men put a blue ribbon
on Nipper's mane.
Another put a blue ribbon
on Silver Heels' mane.



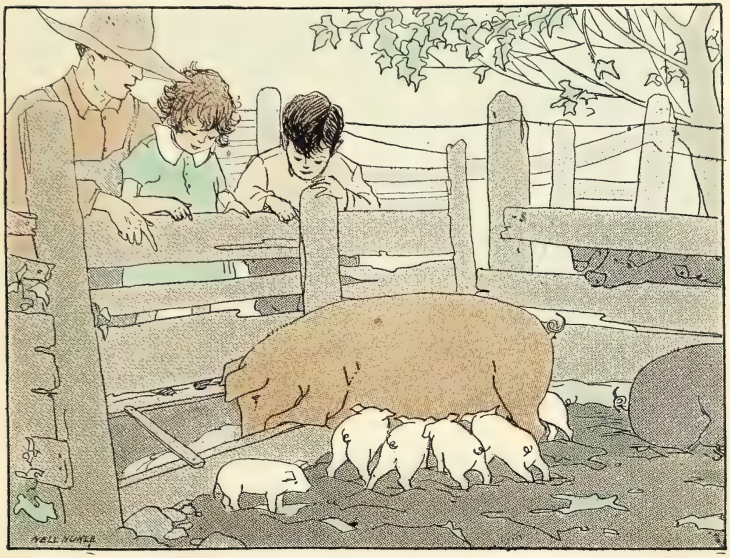
The people at the Fair
came to look at Nipper
and Silver Heels.
Little children petted them.
Silver Heels liked that.
He shook his little black tail
and his pretty brown head.
"He is proud to have a prize,"
said one little boy.

When Mr. Cobb took Nipper
and Silver Heels home, the people
along the road looked at them.
Some called out to Mr. Cobb,
"You must be proud
of your mare and colt."

When Mr. Cobb reached home,
Mrs. Cobb was waiting for him
on the porch.
She saw the blue ribbon
on Silver Heels' mane.
She saw the blue ribbon
on Nipper's mane, too.
"So pretty Silver Heels
and good old Nipper won the prize,"
she said.
"I am proud of them."

Grunts

1. Baby Grunts and His Mother



One summer a little boy and girl
came to visit Mr. and Mrs. Cobb.
Their names were Henry and Ann.

Mr. Cobb took Henry and Ann
to see all the animals on the farm.
They liked the little pigs best.

There was one old mother pig
named Susie.
She had nine baby pigs.
They all had pretty pink skin,
and their hair was fine and white.

When the baby pigs were three weeks old,
Mr. Cobb and the children
were watching them get their supper.
Mr. Cobb said to the children,
"Do you see that very little pig?
He is not growing well.
Do you want him for a pet?
Maybe you can feed him
so that he will grow faster."
The children clapped their hands
for joy.

Mr. Cobb made a small pen
for the little pig.
Mrs. Cobb got a baby's bottle.
Henry and Ann fed the baby pig milk
from the bottle.

The little pig grunted whenever
he saw the children.
He was always hungry.
But he soon began to grow big and fat.

His little tail curled up over his back.

The children called their pig Grunts,
because he grunted so much.

Grunts

2. Learning Some Tricks

One day Henry and Ann
let Grunts out of his pen.
They wanted to teach him to follow them.
Henry held the bottle of milk
out to Grunts, and then walked
slowly away.
The little pig followed him,
grunting all the while.

Every few steps Henry stopped,
and let Grunts have a little milk.
In a few days Grunts learned
to follow the children
all about the yard.

Then the children began to teach Grunts
to do another trick.
One of them held the bottle of milk
over the little pig's head.
Grunts sat up on his hind legs.
He could not reach the bottle,
so he grunted.
When he had grunted two or three times,
they let him have some milk.
Soon Grunts learned to sit up
on his hind legs and grunt
when he saw the bottle of milk.

Henry and Ann wanted the little pig
to learn other tricks.
"Maybe we can give a show," said Ann.
So they made a harness for him.
Mr. Cobb made a little cart.
Then Henry put the harness on Grunts
and tied him to the cart.

Grunts did not know what to do,
so he stood very still.
Then Ann held out the bottle of milk
before Grunts.
Grunts ran after the bottle.
He ran all about the yard
before Ann let him have the milk.

Henry and Ann did this every day
for a week.
In this way Grunts learned
to pull the cart when the children
harnessed him to it.

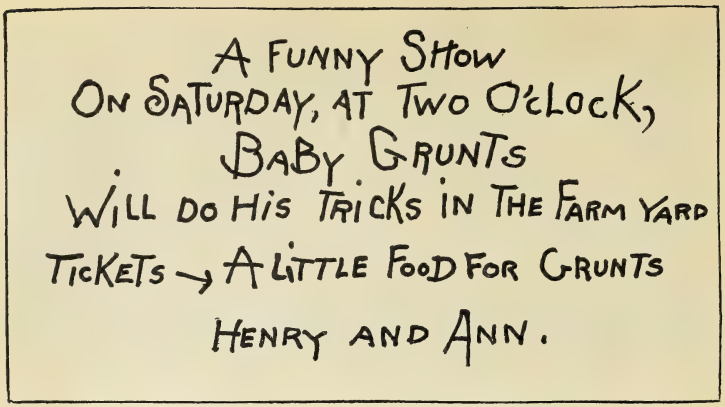
When Grunts had learned that trick,
Ann tried to teach him
to walk on his hind legs.
She held the bottle so high
that the little pig had to stand
on his hind legs to reach it.
Then she slowly moved the bottle away.

Grunts walked a few steps after it,
and Ann gave him a little milk.
He did not like to walk that way.
But by and by he did not mind it.
He learned to walk for his bottle
without squealing.

Grunts

3. Giving a Show

Henry and Ann now began to make plans
for the show.
With a little brush and some paint
they made a card to hang
on the farm gate.


A FUNNY SHOW
ON SATURDAY, AT TWO O'CLOCK,
BABY GRUNTS
WILL DO HIS TRICKS IN THE FARM YARD
TICKETS → A LITTLE FOOD FOR GRUNTS
HENRY AND ANN.

Ten children came to the show.
Some had carrots.
One had a bottle of milk,
and one had some clover.
All had something for Grunts to eat.
Each child let Grunts eat a little
of what he had.

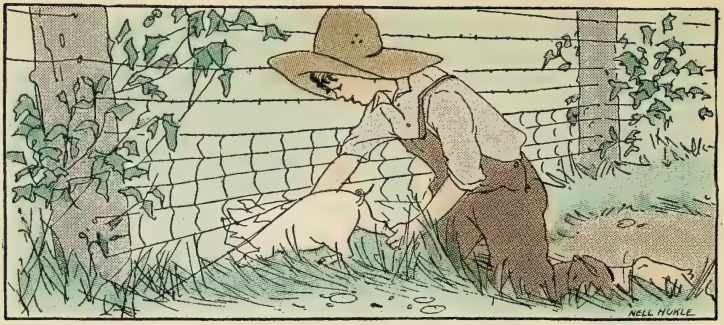
Then all the children played
while Henry and Ann put chairs
out in the yard.

Henry got Grunts' harness and cart,
and his bottle of milk.

When it was time for the show,
Grunts was nowhere to be found.
The children looked in the barn,
and in the pigpen.
Mr. and Mrs. Cobb helped them look
in the bushes, and down the road.
They all looked and looked,
but no little pig could they find.

"Oh! Oh!" said Henry, "You gave Grunts
your tickets, and now he is gone.
What shall we do?"

Just then, out from under the porch,
came a sleepy-looking little pig.
"Oh, there's Grunts! There's Grunts!"
cried all the children at once.
The children started after Grunts.
Round and round the house he went,
squealing loudly.



The children ran after him,
laughing and shouting.
At last, Grunts tried to crawl
under the fence.
But he was too fat. He was caught fast.

"Oink! Oink! Oink!" cried the little pig.
He wriggled and kicked.
He grunted and squealed.
Henry ran to him and pulled him out.

Grunts seemed very tired.
He was too tired to do his tricks.
So Henry said to the children,
"Grunts is tired.

Let us play tag while he sleeps.
After that Grunts will be rested,
and we can have the show."

The children played tag for some time.
When Grunts looked rested,
Ann ran for the bottle of milk.
Then the little pig did all of his tricks.

Grunts walked on his hind legs.
He pulled his cart about the yard.
He rolled over and over.
He sat on his hind legs and grunted
for his milk.
He followed Henry and Ann
about the yard, grunting all the time.

The children clapped their hands
and danced and laughed.
They told Henry and Ann
that they hoped to come to see him
do his tricks again.

Whisky Frisky

Whisky Frisky,
Hippity hop,
Up he goes
To the tree top!

Whirly, twirly,
Round and round,
Down he scampers
To the ground.

Furly, curly,
What a tail!
Tall as a feather,
Broad as a sail!

Where's his supper?
In a shell.
Snappy, cracky,
Out it fell.

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Racky and Packy

1. A Surprise for the Children

One afternoon Henry and Ann
were waiting for Mr. Cobb
to come home.
He had been in the woods to cut trees
for winter wood.
When they saw him coming, they ran
down the road to meet him.
He was holding his hat upside down.
It was covered over the top
with a big piece of bark.

"What do you think I have here?"
Mr. Cobb asked the children.

"Oh, do let us see!" said Ann.

Mr. Cobb let Henry and Ann peep
into the hat.
There they saw two little animals
that looked very much like kittens.

Their fur coats were gray.
Their faces were marked with black.
Their bushy tails had black rings
around them.

"Oh, tell us what they are,"
said Henry.

"They are baby raccoons,"
said Mr. Cobb.
"They were in an old hollow tree.
I do not know where the mother is."

"Poor little coonies!" said Ann.

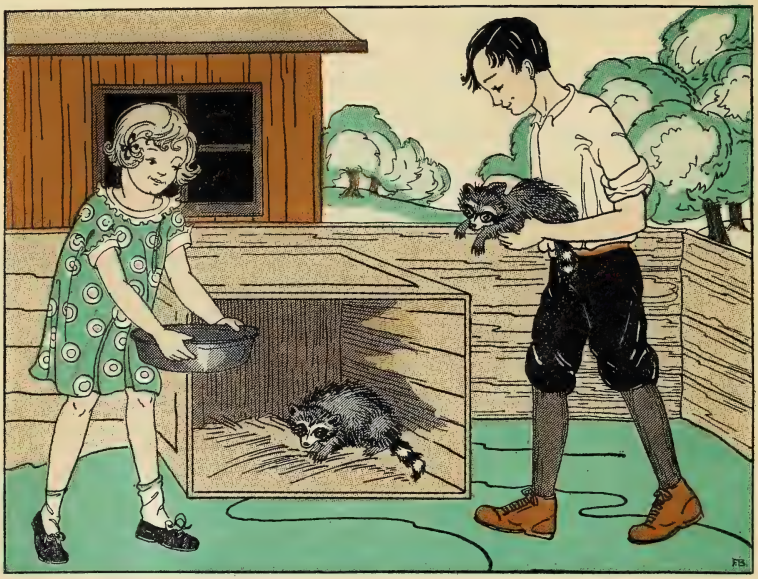
"You may have them for pets,"
said Mr. Cobb to Henry and Ann.
Then he gave the hat to Henry.

The children ran to show
the little raccoons to Mrs. Cobb.
Henry tipped the hat and let them
get out onto the floor.

The little raccoons were afraid
and ran into a corner.
Ann gave them some milk in a pan,
but they were too shy to drink.

So the children put the baby raccoons
back into the hat.
They covered it with a cloth
and put it in a corner.

Then Mr. Cobb helped the children
to make a pen for the raccoons.
Henry put a box on its side
in the pen.
That was their house.
Ann put some clean straw
in one corner of the box.



The children put a pan of milk
and a pan of water into the pen.
They put in an ear of corn,
and some carrots, too.

Then they ran to get the raccoons.
When the raccoons were put into the pen,
they ran into a corner.

After a long time one raccoon
walked very slowly to the corn.

He took it in his forepaws
and nibbled like a squirrel.
The other raccoon took up a carrot
and nibbled on that.

The little raccoons had a queer way
of washing food before eating it.
They dipped it up and down
in their pan of water,
and rubbed it with their paws.
If they had no water,
they just rubbed their food
with their paws.

Henry and Ann watched the raccoons
for a long time.
They liked to see them drinking milk.
They saw them lap the milk
from their pan as kittens do.

"Let us name them," said Ann.
"All pets must have names.

"Racky and Packy would be
good names," said Henry.
"Oh, yes," said Ann,
"We shall call them Racky and Packy.
Racky will be the big one,
and Packy the little one."

At last Racky walked into the box.
He did not like the straw.
He curled up on the bare boards
and went to sleep.

His head was close to his body.
His tail was over his face.
His legs were curled up
under his tail and head.
He looked like a ball of fur.
Packy went nosing about the pen.

In a few days the children
could pet Racky and Packy.
They were not shy now.
They ran to the children for food.
Henry and Ann sometimes let Racky
and Packy out of the pen.
The little raccoons then followed
the children all about the yard,
and into the house.
Soon the house was just as much home
to them as their pen was.

Racky and Packy

2. The Pets Are Wise

Racky and Packy learned very fast.
They learned that many good things
were in the pantry.
When the door was open, they went in.

The little raccoons learned to climb
to the highest shelf and down again.
They learned to open the cupboard doors,
and to take tops from jars
and milk bottles.
They tasted all the food they could find.

Once the children forgot
to put the little raccoons
into their pen at night.
In the morning Mrs. Cobb
called to the children,
"Come and see your pets."

Packy was in the pantry.
His face was covered with jam.
His paws were full of jam.
He had taken the cover from the jar.
All the jam was gone.
He looked very funny
as he licked his sticky paws.

Racky was in a corner eating an egg.
He held it in his forepaws.
He had made a little hole in the shell
and was lapping up the egg
with his tongue.

Ann laughed and laughed at Racky.
But he went right on lapping up the egg.
When it was all gone,
he dropped the shell on the floor
and ran out of the door.

Racky and Packy

3. The Pets at Play

One day Mr. Cobb was very busy
in the woodhouse.
He would not let Henry and Ann come in.
But soon he called them.
He showed them two wooden posts
and a long wooden pole.

"Come with me to the raccoons' pen,"
he said.
He walked inside with the children.
There he made two holes in the ground,
and put the posts into them.
Then he put the wooden pole
across the top of them.

He tied a rope in the middle
of the wooden pole.

"Now Racky and Packy have something
to play with," said Mr. Cobb.

Very soon Packy went climbing
up a post and across the pole.
Racky ran up the rope after him.
But he did not go far.
He liked the swinging of the rope.
Back and forth, back and forth, he swung.
And back and forth, back and forth,
ran Packy on the wooden pole.

Then Racky ran up the rope
and chased Packy across the pole.
Packy turned around
and chased Racky down the other post.
He caught hold of Racky's tail.

Racky turned around and began
to wrestle with Packy.
Over and over they rolled.
Then up one post and across the pole,
one ran after the other.

Down the other post they went
and chased each other across the pen.

At last Packy ran into the pan of water
and tipped it over.
The water splashed over Racky.
He was wet all over.
He ran after Packy and took hold
of his hind leg.
Over and over the two little raccoons
rolled.

Packy did not like to wrestle
with such a wet raccoon.
He growled and bit.
So Racky let go, and ran away
into one corner.

Then the tired little raccoons
lay down panting,
just like little puppies.

Date Due

MAR 9 RETURN

"W on?"

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A Bed-time Story

A wise little baby raccoon
  Sat looking up at the moon.
His fond mother said,
  "Come, Buddy, to bed."
"Why Muddy" said Buddy, "so soon?"

—Brother Goose

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